

How could'st thou drayne the Life-blood of the Child,  
To bid the Father wipe his eyes withall,  
And yet be seene to beare a Womans face?  
Women are soft, milde, pittifull, and flexible;  
Thou, sterne, obdurate, flintie, rough, remorselesse.  
Bidst thou me rage? why now thou hast thy wish.  
Would'st thou haue me weepe? why now thou hast thy will.  
For raging Wind blowes vp incessant showers,  
And when the Rage allayes, the Raine begins,  
These Teares are my sweet Rutlands Obsequies,  
And every drop cryes vengeance for his death,  
Gainst thee fell Clifford, and thee false French-woman.

*Northumb.* Bestrew me, but his passions moues me so,  
That hardly can I check my eyes from Teares.

*Torke.* That Face of his,  
The hungry Caniballs would not haue toucht,  
Would not haue steynd with blood:  
But you are more inhumane, more inexorable,  
Oh, tenne times more then Tygers of Hyrcania.  
See, ruthlesse Queene, a haplesse Fathers Teares:  
This Cloth thou dipd'st in blood of my sweet Boy,  
And I with Teares doe wash the blood away.  
Keepe thou the Napkin, and goe boast of this,  
And if thou tell'st the heauie storie right,  
Vpon my Soule, the hearers will shed Teares:  
Yea, even my Foes will shed fast-falling Teares,  
And say, Alas, it was a pittious deed.  
Therestake the Crowne, and with the Crowne, my Curse,  
And in thy need, such comfort come to thee,  
As now I reape at thy too cruell hand.  
Hard-hearted Clifford, take me from the World,  
My Soule to Heauen, my Blood vpon your Heads.

*Northumb.* Had he been slaughter-man to all my Kinne;  
I should not for my Life but weepe with him,  
To see how inly Sorrow gripes his Soule.

*Queen.* What, weeping ripe, my Lord Northumberland?  
Thinke but vpon the wrong he did vs all,  
And that will quickly drie thy melting Teares.

*Clifford.* Heere's for my Oath, heere's for my Fathers  
Death.

*Queene.* And heere's to right our gentle-hearted  
King.

*Torke.* Open thy Gate of Mercy, gracious God,  
My Soule flies through these wounds, to seeke out thee.  
*Queene.* Off with his Head, and set it on Yorke Gates,  
So *Torke* may ouer-look the Towne of Yorke.

*Flourish. Exit.*

*A March. Enter Edward, Richard,  
and their power.*

*Edward.* I wonder how our Princely Father scap't:  
Or whether he be scap't away, or no,  
From *Cliffords* and *Northumberlands* pursuit?  
Had he been ta'ne, we should haue heard the newes;  
Had he bene slaine, we should haue heard the newes:  
Or had he scap't, me thinkes we should haue heard  
The happy tidings of his good escape.

How fares my Brother? why is he so sad?  
*Richard.* I cannot ioy, vntill I be resolu'd  
Where our right valiant Father is become.

I saw him in the Battaille range about,  
And watcht him how he singled *Clifford* forth,  
Me thought he bore him in the thickest troupe,  
As doth a Lyon in a Heard of Neat,  
Or as a Beare compass'd round with Dogges:

Who hauing pincht a few, and made them cry,  
The rest stand all aloofe, and barke at him,  
So far'd our Father with his Enemies,  
So fled his Enemies my Warlike Father:  
Me thinkes 'tis prize enough to be his Sonne.  
See how the Morning opes her golden Gates,  
And takes her farwell of the glorious Sunne,  
How well resemles it the prime of Youth,  
Trim'd like a Yonker, praucing to his Loue?

*Ed.* Dazle mine eyes, or doe I see three Sunnes?  
*Rich.* Three glorious Sunnes, each one a perfect Sunne,  
Not seperated with the racking Clouds,  
But seuer'd in a pale cleare-shining Skye.

See, see, they ioyne, embrace, and seeme to kisse,  
As if they vow'd some League inuolable.  
Now are they but one Lampe, one Light, one Sunne:  
In this, the Heauen figures some euent.

*Edward.* 'Tis wondrous strange,  
The like yet neuer heard of.

I thinke it cites vs (Brother) to the field,  
That wee, the Sonnes of braue *Plantagenet*,  
Each one already blazing by our meedes,  
Should notwithstanding ioyne our Lights together,  
And ouer-shine the Earth, as this the World.  
What ere it bodes, hence-forward will I beare  
Vpon my Targuer three faire shining Sunnes.

*Richard.* Nay, beare three Daughters:  
By your leaue, I speake it,  
You loue the Breeder better then the Male.

*Enter one blowing.*

But what art thou, whose heauie Lookes fore-tell  
Some dreadfull story hanging on thy Tongue?

*Mess.* Ah, one that was a wofull looker on,  
When as the Noble Duke of Yorke was slaine,  
Your Princely Father, and my louing Lord.

*Edward.* Oh speake no more, for I haue heard too  
much.

*Richard.* Say how he dy'de, for I will heare it all.  
*Mess.* Enuironed he was with many foes,  
And flood against them, as the hope of Troy

Against the Greekes, that would haue entred Troy,  
But *Hercules* himselfe must yeeld to odds:  
And many strokes, though with a little Axe,  
Hewes downe and fells the hardest-tymber'd Oake.

By many hands your Father was subdu'd,  
But onely slaught'ed by the irefull Arme  
Of vn-relentng *Clifford*, and the Queene:

Who crown'd the gracious Duke in high despight,  
Laugh'd in his face: and when with griefe he wept,  
The ruthlesse Queene gaue him, to dry his Cheekes,  
A Napkin, steeped in the harmelesse blood

Of sweet young *Rutland*, by rough *Clifford* slaine:  
And after many scornes, many soule taunts,  
Theyooke his Head, and on the Gates of Yorke

They set the same, and there it doth remaine,  
The saddest spectacle that ere I view'd.

*Edward.* Sweet Duke of Yorke, our Prop to leane vpon,  
Now thou art gone, wee haue no Staffe, no Stay.

Oh *Clifford*, boyl'rous *Clifford*, thou hast slaine  
The flower of Europe, for his Cheualric,  
And trecherously hast thou vanquish't him,  
For hand to hand he would haue vanquish't thee.

Now my Soules Pallace is become a Prison:  
Ah, would she breake from hence, that this my body

Might

Might in the ground be clos'd vp in rest:  
For neuer henceforth shall I ioy againe:  
Neuer, oh neuer shall I see more ioy.

*Rich.* I cannot weepe: for all my bodies moysture  
Scarfe serues to quench my Furnace-burning hart:  
Nor can my tongue vnload my hearts great burthen,  
For selfe-same winde that I should speake withall,

Is kindling coales that fires all my brest,  
And burnes me vp with flames, that teares would quench.

To weepe, is to make lesse the depth of griefe:  
Teares then for Babes; Blowes, and Reuenge for mee.

*Richard.* I beare thy name, Ile venge thy death,  
Or dye renowned by attempting it.

*Ed.* His name that valiant Duke hath left with thee:  
His Dukedome, and his Chaire with me is left.

*Rich.* Nay, if thou be that Princely Eagles Bird,  
Shew thy descent by gazing gainst the Sunne:

For Chaire and Dukedome, Throne and Kingdome say,  
Either that is thine, or else thou wer't not his.

*March. Enter Warwick, Marquesse Montacute,  
and their Army.*

*Warwick.* How now faire Lords? What faire? What  
newes abroad?

*Rich.* Great Lord of Warwick, if we should tecompt  
Our balefull newes, and at each words deliuerance  
Stab Pontiards in our flesh, till all were told,  
The words would adde more anguish then the wounds.

O valiant Lord, the Duke of Yorke is slaine.  
*Ed.* O Warwick, Warwick, that *Plantagenet*

Which held thee deere, as his Soules Redemption,  
Is by the sterne Lord *Clifford* done to death.

*War.* Ten dayes ago, I drownd these newes in teares,  
And now to adde more measure to your woes,  
I come to tell you things fish then besalne.

After the bloody Fray at Wakefield fought,  
Where your braue Father breath'd his latest gaspe,  
Tydings, as swiftly as the Postes could runne,  
Were brought me of your Losse, and his Depart.

I then in London, keeper of the King,  
Must'rd my Soldiers, gathered flocks of Friends,  
Marcht toward S. Albons, to intercept the Queene,

Bearing the King in my behalfe along:  
For by my Scouts, I was aduertis'd  
That she was comming with a full intent  
To dash our late Decree in Parliament,

Touching King *Henries* Oath, and your Succession:  
Short Tale to make, we at S. Albons met,  
Our Battails ioynd, and both sides fiercely fought:

But whether 'twas the coldnesse of the King,  
Who look'd full gently on his warlike Queene,  
That robb'd my Soldiers of their heated Splene.

Or whether 'twas report of her successe,  
Or more then common feare of *Cliffords* Rigour,  
Who thunders to his Captiues, Blood and Death,

I cannot iudge: but to conclude with truth,  
Their Weapons like to Lightning, came and went:  
Our Souldiers like the Night Owles lazie flight,

Or like a lazie Thresher with a Flaile,  
Fell gently downe, as if they strucke their Friends.

I cheer'd them vp with iustice of our Cause,  
With promise of high pay, and great Rewards:

But all in vaine, they had no heart to fight,  
And we (in them) no hope to win the day,  
So that we fled: the King vnto the Queene,

Lord *George*, your Brother, Norfolk, and my Selfe,

In haste, post haste, are come  
For in the Marches heere we  
Making another Head, to fig

*Ed.* Where is the Duke of  
And when came *George* from  
*War.* Some six miles off the

And for your Brother he was  
From your kinde Aunt *Dutch*  
With ayde of Souldiers to th

*Rich.* 'Twas oddes-belike,  
Oft haue I heard his praises in  
But ne're till now, his Scand

*War.* Nor now my Scand  
For thou shalt know this stre  
Can plucke the Diadem from

And wring the awfull Scept  
Were he as famous, and as be  
As he is farr'd for Mildnesse,

*Rich.* I know it well Lord  
'Tis loue I beare thy glories  
But in this troublous time, w

Shall we go throw away our  
And wrap our bodies in black  
Numb'ring our Aue-Maries

Or shall we on the Helms of  
Tell our Deuotion with reuer  
If for the last, say I, and to it

*War.* Why therefore *War*  
And therefore comes my Bre  
Attend me Lords, the proud  
With *Clifford*, and the haugh

And of their Feather, many n  
Haue wrought the easie-mel  
He swore consent to your Su

His Oath enrolled in the Parl  
And now to London all the  
To frustrate both his Oath, an

May make against the house  
Their power (I thinke) is thin  
Now, if the helpe of Norfolk

With all the Friends that tho  
Amongst the louing Welshm  
Will but amount to fue and

Why Via, to London will w  
And once againe, bestride ou  
And once againe cry Charge

But neuer once againe turne  
*Rich.* I, now me thinkes I  
Ne're may he liue to see a Sun

That cries Retire, if *Warwick*  
*Ed.* Lord *Warwick*, on  
And when thou faill'st (as God

Must *Edward* fall, which perill  
*War.* No longer Earle of  
The next degree, is Englands

For King of England shalt th  
In euery Burrough as we pass  
And he that throwes not vp h

Shall for the Fault make forfe  
King *Edward*, valiant *Richard*  
Stay we no longer, dreaming

But sound the Trumpets, and  
*Rich.* Then *Clifford*, were  
As thou hast shew'd it flintie

I come to pierce it, or to giue  
*Ed.* Then strike vp Drums,